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view ; commencing with the general and larger relations of medicine, and showing where it would be better to reduce it in study to its clinical phases alone. We have selected the special subjects which best illustrate the latest or the highest methods in diagnosis, in therapeutics, and in pathology, and which were most likely to lend a uniform coloring to the picture. The medicine of to-day aspires to nothing more, and is content with nothing less, than to be the sum and the harmonization of all that can be gathered from observation and all that can be added by induction. It has sometimes been difficult in the sketch to avoid the appearance of marshalling before the reader a parade of imposing generalities ; it was not always easy to escape from tiring him with burdensome details. And the success may lag behind the aspiration. Be that as it may, enough if only he, to whom nothing that is human is foreign, shall any more clearly discern the spirit that controls the science of modern medicine, or any more wisely distinguish the forces that direct its art.

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ART. II. — ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER AND HIS PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY.

WE often hear people complain of the abstruseness of philosophy, and it may be no fault of theirs if philosophy remains unintelligible to them. But then, there are many other abstruse things, — celestial mechanics, for instance. Yet those who could not understand a single line of Laplace's work never think of denying the truth of mathematics, or the usefulness of astronomical induction, or the legitimacy even of astronomical speculation. This shows at once that the popular dread of philosophy cannot be due to what philosophy has in common with mathematics, namely, an abstruse terminology. Such a superficial difficulty would be as easily overcome in the one case as it is in the other, and the many attempts at popularizing philosophy would have been more successful than they have been if this were the only difficulty. Moreover, there is hardly any science

that has not its peculiar technical terms, its slang, as it were ; and it is rather unwise to complain of this, because these terminologies make clear and intelligible, through their terseness, what might be obscure and unintelligible in its verbose paraphrase expressed in popular language. The study of a work on algebra containing no algebraic terms or symbols would be a condign punishment for those who refuse to see this.

There must be a deeper reason why metaphysics are so persistently shunned, while the popularity of scientific pursuits is growing from day to day ; and why a lecture, for instance, on the "Nebular Theory" would not fail to attract a large audience, while a lecture on the "Identity of Opposites" would hardly tempt a few curious idlers. The "Nebular Theory" is just as speculative as the "Identity of Opposites" ; far more so, in fact, if the degrees of speculativeness may be measured by the number of data or analogies underlying the speculative inference. The difference must, therefore, lie in the credentials which the two lecturers present to their hearers. Both lecturers may be speculative ; but while the one is a speculative mathematician, the other is a speculative metaphysician ; that is to say, the one is a man known to be accustomed to absolutely true deductions and fairly accurate inductions, while the other is a man notoriously and avowedly fond of certain mental evolutions known to be uncertain in their results, and apt to appear flighty to the looker-on. And it is this appearance of flightiness and this uncertainty of results which account for the diffidence and the scorn with which speculative philosophy is looked upon by the average man of these days.

The phenomenon, then, is explained. But we cannot admit its legitimacy, considering that the shortcomings of philosophy, which are supposed to be its peculiar disabilities, are (notwithstanding appearances and popular beliefs) common to all the sciences, with the single exception of mathematics. Put jurisprudence to the test, and *summum jus* turns out to be *summa injuria*. Put medicine to the test, and *nil nocuisse* turns out to be its principal aim. The same uncertainty of results, the same uncertainty of method, we meet with in that part of the "exact" sciences which refers to the phenomena of organic

nature, — in physiology and organic chemistry, not to speak of philology, geology, and history. And if doctors, no matter which faculty they belong to, are allowed to disagree, if lawyers are in duty bound to disagree, that they may find the truth more easily, and if religion is not given up as hopeless because there are three churches now which claim to be “the Catholic Church,” — we have a right to ask, why should not philosophers disagree with the same impunity and on the same plea of finding the truth through its broken rays?

But we must apologize no further for introducing to the reader a man like Schopenhauer, who was not only a great thinker, but also a great writer, and whose literary popularity has opened for his philosophical doctrines a far wider sphere of influence than they would have obtained if Schopenhauer had been, like his rival philosophers, a university professor. The intellectual movement, of which he was the last representative, belongs, no doubt, to the past; but some of his ideas are so closely connected with modern thought and with the many open questions and unsolved problems of our days that they ought not to be overlooked by the present generation of thinkers.

We have but little to say about Schopenhauer's life. He was born in 1788, on the 22d of February, at Dantzic, Prussia. His father was a merchant. His mother, Johanna Schopenhauer, was an authoress whose novels and other writings enjoyed considerable popularity in Germany during the first half of this century; and even his sister Adele had some success as a writer. He passed some years of his boyhood in France and in England, together with his parents. In 1809, he went to Göttingen to study natural history and history, — a strange and characteristic combination of studies. The Professor of Philosophy at that University was G. E. Schulze, who soon recognized the young student's real vocation, and, taking an interest in him, gave him the important advice to confine his preliminary studies to Plato and Kant, and to avoid, above all others, Aristotle and Spinoza. How scrupulously this advice was followed, we shall see by its fruits.

In 1811, Schopenhauer went to Berlin to hear Fichte, in whom he hoped to find a faithful follower of Kant. But Fichte

was not a Kantian, after all, and the disappointed student soon gave him up, resolved, it would seem, to strike out a new and independent path for himself. Driven away from Berlin by the war, in 1813, he went first to Jena, where he obtained his degree, and thence to Weimar, where he became acquainted with two men whose influence can be traced in Schopenhauer's writings as clearly almost as that of Plato and Kant. These two men were Goethe and Friedrich Majer, the Orientalist, who initiated him into the mysteries and beauties of Oriental religions. Schopenhauer was struck with the logical connection existing between Brahmanism and Buddhism, and he recognized in the latter a necessary reaction against the former. Having, at the same time, found out certain analogies between Brahmanism and Christianity, which have in common, if nothing else, an incarnated suffering God, he began to feel the want of something that might be to Christianity what Buddhism was to Brahmanism. These remarks will suffice to explain some features of Schopenhauer's philosophy which might easily be mistaken for poetical or fanciful. If they are either, they are so by accident. They were never intended to serve as ornaments.

From 1814 to 1818, Schopenhauer lived in Dresden, in perfect solitude, and it was during these years of study and retirement that his ideas began to ripen into a full-grown system of philosophy. His principal work, "The World as Will and as Phenomenon," was published in 1819.

But there was no steadiness in Schopenhauer's career. He was, what German philosophers rarely are, a man of independent means. And not only did he make a free use of both his wealth and his independence, but he seems to have felt an uncharitable and inexplicable dislike to all paid and professional philosophers. It is common enough among professional men to feel a certain contempt for wealthy amateurs. But few of the latter have ever reciprocated the feeling as fully as Schopenhauer. "I live for philosophy, not on it!" he used to boast. Let us hope that he was duly grateful to his father.

Notwithstanding his doctoral dissertation of 1813, "On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason," and notwithstanding the literary merits of his great work, published in

1819, Schopenhauer remained unknown as a philosopher. Perhaps it was because he was a private *dilettante*, perhaps because he was a novel-writer's son, whose name was hopelessly associated with popular literature, and because his style only enhanced and strengthened that association. Germans do not attach the same importance to style as Frenchmen. Their philosophy is, and certainly was fifty years ago, a goddess of stern features and severe outlines. Why should she ever become a Bayadere for the mere amusement of mortal men?

For many years the world lost sight of Schopenhauer. After a visit to Italy, he went to Berlin in 1820, and established himself as a *Privat-docent* or unpaid lecturer at the University; but his lectures lasted only six months, although he allowed his name to remain on the catalogue for several years. He left Berlin in 1831, soon after the outbreak of the cholera, and went to Frankfort on the Main, where he took up his permanent abode, and where he continued to reside until his death, in 1860.

Having remained in obscurity for seventeen years, and having broken this long silence only by the publication of a Latin treatise "on colors" in 1830, Schopenhauer once more reminded the German public of his existence by publishing, in 1836, a small work, "On Will in Nature." But Germany, it seems, was still too full of Hegel to pay much attention to the charming disquisitions of the novel-writer's son, and the honor of having been the first to recognize his philosophic merits belongs to Norway. The Scientific Association of Drontheim awarded a prize to a new essay of Schopenhauer's, "On the Freedom of the Will," in 1839, and elected him a member of their society. And encouraged by this success, he competed, though unsuccessfully, for another prize which the Royal Society of Copenhagen had offered for the best essay on "The Basis of Morals."

His reputation now began to grow; and, with it, the demand for his books. In 1844 a second edition of his principal work appeared, and in 1851 he published his last and most popular work under the title of "Parerga and Paralipomena."

Schopenhauer continued to lead a very retired life in Frankfort. He never married, and never had many friends. On his long and solitary walks his poodle was his only companion. Only in his old age he associated somewhat more freely with

men ; and although he had become an incorrigible pessimist and a decided misanthrope, he was much respected and esteemed by others, and had fewer enemies than gregarious and successful men are apt to have. He was a kind-hearted and charitable, but not an amiable man. Nor can it be said that he was always just and fair-minded as an antagonist, or sufficiently careful in the choice of his polemical expressions.

We now proceed to lay before the reader the outlines of Schopenhauer's philosophy, and willingly engage to be as clear as the subject will permit. Let nobody hesitate to peruse these pages, provided he suffers from nothing worse than want of philosophical knowledge. But to insure the fulfilment of our promise, and to render the desired clearness possible, we beg permission to make some introductory remarks, without which any scientific exposition of Schopenhauer's philosophy would remain either unintelligible or unenjoyable.

Philosophy is the science of knowledge ; that is to say, it has to answer the questions : Is there any truth ? If there is, is it knowable ? In other words : Is human knowledge possible ? and if it is, what are its conditions and limitations ? what the ultimate *criteria of truth* ? The question was raised in the earliest days of Greek philosophy. Heraclitus, a speculative nature, affirmed that he knew everything. Protagoras, the Sophist, said that he knew nothing, except the difference of good and evil. And Socrates, we know, came to the same conclusion as Protagoras.

But the human mind cannot abide, and never does abide, by these results. It may be unable to know anything beyond its own incapacity for knowledge, but it refuses to dwell on this incapacity. It craves certainty, or the appearance of certainty, or the hope of obtaining certainty. And when reduced to Nihilism or to Agnosticism by its own critical powers, it reverts to speculation, or, if it cannot soar so high, to empirical science, where it can indulge in the luxury of floating on the phenomenal surface of things and of seeking comfort in the appearance of absolute certainty. Thus metaphysics and physics are the rightful successors after a reign of scepticism. And Socrates himself began to speculate, as though unable to subsist on the fruits of his own criticism.

If we now follow the long history of philosophic speculation (we will say) from Heraclitus to Leibnitz, we find no material change in the aspirations of philosophers, it being essential to speculation to ignore, and, if necessary, to deny, the limitations of the intellect. Leibnitz still asserted what Heraclitus had asserted twenty-two centuries before him, that he knew everything. But he did not repeat the crude apothegm of the Greek. He said that the mind has potential knowledge, as the seed has potential flowers, and that there were degrees of development and of success dependent on the more or less distorting and obscuring influences of the outer world. That was a great progress. But, unfortunately, truth can be but one, and speculation had, by the end of the seventeenth century, revealed three different truths, represented by Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz. The philosophic world was divided between Dualism, Monism, and Pluralism. A compromise seemed impossible.

Descartes's universe consisted of the *res extensa* and the *res cogitans*. The extended thing was such by virtue of its inherent dimensions, and the thinking thing was such by virtue of its *innate ideas*. But the cause of everything was God, whose *æterna assistentia* produced not only the phenomena in nature, but helped us to all real knowledge and experience, to which the "innate ideas" alone could never help us.

Spinoza regarded thinking and extension not as opposites, but as the two essential attributes of the one absolute substance, which was all in all, like the *ὄν* of the Eleatic school.

And just as the Jewish mind of Spinoza could not abide Descartes's Dualism, so the mathematical mind of Leibnitz would not abide Spinoza's Monism. He, too, mixed the *res cogitans* and the *res extensa* into a totality, but this totality was not a substance. It was an aggregate of *monads*, each thinking and having extension at the same time. Why make a dualism of light and darkness? Both are a multiplicity of rays, either spectral or invisible.

It was difficult to choose between such leaders. The English mind, in fact, refused the choice altogether. Being naturally averse to speculation, it had reduced philosophy to induction. But induction presupposes empirical data. Empirical data are

liable to criticism ; and criticism, in its turn, is disarmed and rendered useless by scepticism. Thus Bacon, Locke, and Hume constitute a natural succession, and what they have in common is, to this day, the basis of all English philosophy. Bacon had opposed all *a priori* thinking. Observe and infer was his rule, because induction is safer than syllogisms. But what is the difference between them ? Induction is a syllogism with a suppressed major premise. That major premise is always a general proposition, and, as such, the enunciation of a thought. And if the empirical mind dreads generalizing as dangerous and unsafe, does it avoid these dangers by merely hiding them from itself ? All empiricists have this in common, that they do not know when they are thinking. Men think as they walk. They use hundreds of muscles without being conscious of any one of them, or of the various orders sent to each muscle by their brain.

Bacon was right in warring against the old scholastic syllogism, in which, usually, neither premise was sufficiently sound to warrant a conclusion. But induction deceives itself if it pretends to draw conclusions from one premise. I observe a phenomenon ninety-nine times, and infer that it will happen the hundredth time. If it does not, it follows, not that the inductive method is wrong, but that this induction was founded on a weak premise. And if the ninety-nine observations were correct, where can the flaw lie ? Obviously in the suppressed *præmissa major*, which, in inductive reasoning, can never express more than a probability or plausibility. The syllogism now stands thus : A thing which has happened often is *likely* to happen always. This thing has happened ninety-nine times : therefore, it is *likely* to happen always.

How much of this inductive syllogism is founded on observation and experience ? Nothing but the minor premise. The first premise, being a general law, is thoroughly speculative, and the conclusion, being the result of a synthesis of the special and the general, is thoroughly metaphysical. And if observation is the only legitimate source of knowledge, the important question arises, How do we come to know any general law, or, in fact, anything general or abstract ?

We can observe nothing but single things. Their connec-

tion, causal or analytical, is never observable, can never be experienced. When we infer the hundredth fact from ninety-nine observed ones, or when, after having observed two facts, we call one the cause and the other the effect, we overstep the limits of observation. We have seen the planting of a seed, and we have also seen a plant. The senses can show us nothing more. But why is the plant the result of the seed? And where is the origin of our knowledge concerning generality, causality, and necessity?

Bacon was not the man even to broach this question. But Locke and Hume have answered it, each in his own way. Locke said that although generality, causality, and necessity were not, as such, observable, they were, nevertheless, *derived* from observation, or, rather, from observed data. The mind (although endowed with the mysterious power of *deriving* one thing from another thing) was nothing but a reflector, the recipient of impressions, a *tabula rasa*, having neither "innate ideas" nor anything else innate. Locke forgot, if he ever knew it, that a reflecting surface is never purely receptive. It reacts, and must, *pro tanto*, have spontaneity. A *tabula rasa*, be it ever so *rasa*, is still a *tabula*, is still something. And why should it be less? What if the human mind had no concrete reality at all, but were a mere focus of a reflecting world,—like Professor Pepper's ghost, the product of converging rays, which disappears as soon as the mirrors are shifted? Either the mind is purely receptive, as Locke maintained, and then it cannot work up its impressions into ideas; or it has some spontaneity, and then experience ceases to be the only source of human knowledge.

Hume, without being much of a philosopher, has the merit of having felt the force of this dilemma. He did not believe in *innate ideas* any more than Locke did. Like Locke, he *derived* everything from observation and experience. But this power of *deriving* something from something else, he honestly tried to account for. And as the outer world could not furnish it, its origin had to be sought in the mind itself. There it exists, not ready-made like an "innate idea," but potentially as an attribute of the mind. The phenomenal world furnishes the mind with nothing but single items in (spatial) juxtapo-

sition and (temporal) succession. But the mind furnishes their connection by arranging the observed data in certain rubrics of its own, called mental "categories." In this way only does the mind discover juxtaposition and succession, sameness and difference; that is to say, space and time, causality and generality. Hume had not the courage to go a step farther, and to add necessity to the categories of understanding. There are no *laws* of thought, he said. Experience shows the absence of uniformity in human thinking, and all that can be safely affirmed is, that each mind thinks according to its own *habit*. Now, habit may be defined as subjective necessity. The mind mistakes its own habit for outward necessity; and what we call law (or necessity) is nothing but a vision or hallucination induced by our habit of observing certain groups and certain sequences of phenomena. This thorough subjectiveness constitutes Hume's scepticism. On applying his somewhat shallow doctrine of Habit to ethics, we discover at once the impossibility of all ethics, there being no firm basis for any moral law except habit. Some nations legalize infanticide; others punish it. Each does what it does from habit, and one view may be as good as the other.

Nothing, then, remains but a world of unconnected phenomena and the human mind, with its power of perceiving them and its *habit* of connecting them. We may gain experience, but there is no law and no necessity in the world. There may be learning, but there can be no real science, no truth, no certainty anywhere.

This roused the German mind. Historically, we are indebted to Hume's Essays for Kant's *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. Not that Kant was alarmed at Hume's scepticism. On the contrary, his own dislike to the dogmatism of the old school metaphysicians was so great that he was eager to seize the new weapon himself, which had proved so brilliantly destructive in the hands of English philosophers. Only he thought that the havoc had been unnecessarily great. He therefore undertook to submit the whole question to a careful re-examination, the results of which form the substance of his celebrated *Kritik*.

Kant agreed with Hume, against Locke, that generality and necessity could not, as such, be perceived or experienced.

But, he added, they *may* have objective reality for all that. Mathematics have an absolute validity. There is nothing subjective in them. Hence they must have objective reality. And this reality, being abstract, must be sought in the mind itself. In other words, there are general ideas, laws of thought, and absolutely binding necessities which exist *a priori*, always and everywhere, and not, as Hume had maintained, *a posteriori*, that is to say, as uncertain results of a subjective habit.

This was a great step. It was the first sober self-assertion of the intellect without any dogmatism or arrogance. The majesty of thought was proclaimed together with its limitations. Human thought and human consciousness became our highest authority, but only in default of any higher one, and with the express understanding that the limitations of this authority implied the necessity of an unlimited or absolute authority. Kant's philosophy begins with these limitations, and ends with this implied necessity. To determine the natural limits of the human intellect, is the critical task of theoretical reason. To determine the implied necessities (or postulates), is the speculative task of what he called practical reason.

His criticism led him to agree with Locke, that all knowledge comes from experience and observation. But observation and experience, he added, are not knowledge themselves. In them we know only our own perceptions, but not the thing perceived. We can see the image of a thing, that is to say, a phenomenon, and we may know all its attributes and relations; but the essence of the thing, the thing itself, cannot be known.

As this thing *per se*, or *Ding an sich*, as Kant calls it, has become a current technical term in modern philosophy, we will explain its meaning by a few examples.

When we say we know what gold is, we mean that we can distinguish it from other substances, either at first sight or through some tests. We know, in fact, a good deal *about* gold. We know that it combines with chlorine, that it resists organic acids, that it is extremely malleable, that it is the best conductor of electricity, that it reflects yellow light and transmits green light. Science may add a hundred more to these truths, but it will never enable us to give a definition of gold. The "thing itself" remains a mystery.

And is not matter itself a mystery? The chemist and materialist are equally incapable of telling us what matter is. The chemical formulas give us some fixed numerical proportions, and crystallization shows us some fixed geometrical forms. We can penetrate still further into the recesses of material nature by boiling, fusing, freezing, sublimating, and precipitating. We can look at matter through the microscope, the polariscope, the spectroscope, and the telescope, and may acquire great learning in this way. We may become so familiar with the properties of hydrogen that we recognize its presence on the surface of Sirius, and judge from the shifting of its spectral band whether Sirius is drifting away from us and at what rate. All this is very grand, and science is justly proud of these achievements. But they throw no light whatever on the nature of hydrogen.

Chemists believe in their formulas, because they are founded on the atomistic hypothesis and verified by experiments. But these formulas would be correct, even if the atomistic hypothesis were false. There are some few chemists, even now, in Europe, who do not believe in atoms. The atom, then, this ultimate type of matter, this alpha and omega of modern chemistry, turns out to be a purely speculative thing, never seen by human eye, which may or may not exist, and which, in neither case, would help us to understand the nature of matter or of force.

In like manner the science of electricity, rich and interesting as it is, has so little to do with electricity itself that the truth of its facts and the validity of its laws seem altogether independent of the nature of electricity. This mysterious something may be one, or it may be two. It may be one fluid with two currents, or two fluids, or no fluid at all, but mere motion, or a force or two forces. Let us suppose, for argument's sake, electricity were known to be mere motion, and that we further knew what was the mover and what the moved in such a case: we should still be as far as ever from any real insight into it, motion itself being a metaphysical conception, as utterly beyond the grasp of physical science as force and matter.

Physiology fares no better in its attempts at finding the sources and defining the nature of life. Is there such a thing as a vital force, or is the body its own crucible and nothing but

that? And how is it that no "homunculus" can be evolved from phials and retorts? What can there be more humiliating to science than the fact that the question concerning spontaneous generation cannot be decided *a posteriori*, and has not been decided *a priori*? There are learned physiologists who know a great deal about the soul, but cannot tell whether there is a soul, or what it is, if there is one.

Kant, though living before the great modern revival of science, had really succeeded in determining the limitations of all empirical knowledge. Behind the phenomenal world, which is perceptible and thus far knowable, stands the everlasting mystery of the *Ding an sich*. And whatsoever transcends the narrow circle of empiricism becomes *transcendent*; it can no longer be observed, no longer underlie our inductive reasonings. If it beckons to us, if it tempts us to follow it, we must either resist the temptation or become speculative.

The *Ding an sich* being transcendent, we must speculate on it or drop the subject altogether. Kant, wishing to be a critic, did not like to speculate. If physics are a science, he said, metaphysics cannot be a science. Nevertheless he did speculate, but took care to insure his incognito by speculating under the name of Practical Reason.

This "practical reason" was bold enough to *postulate* God and the immortality of the soul, but was too cautious to commit itself to any doctrine concerning the *Ding an sich*. Kant never said that the *Ding an sich* had any objective reality, and he never said that it had none. He was certainly no Idealist in Berkeley's sense. Nor was he a Monist or a Pluralist. He speculated on the *Ding an sich* merely in so far as it would help him to some doctrine on the *origin of evil*, and on the *origin of moral obligation*. Evil he derived from the materiality of the world. This materiality manifests itself to us as plurality. There can be no doubt about the plurality of phenomena, and the individual mind, not being plural, but single, suffers from the contrast. It reacts against plurality in two ways, by thinking and by willing. Thinking is the synthesis of the special and the general, the (general) idea being nothing but what is common to several single things. And as the normal thought deals with the phenomenal plurality by furnishing an ideal *unity*, so the normal

will deals with the phenomenal plurality by furnishing an ideal *harmony*. Both the intellectual unity and the moral harmony are strictly ideal. The intellectual unity is a presupposed principle, the moral harmony appears to us as an unrealized *end* or *aim*. It might be objected that the *principium individuationis*, through which unity becomes plurality, is the same through which chaos becomes kosmos, and that we are bound to affirm plurality as belonging to the fitness of things. But Kant speaks of a moral kosmos which is not a ready-made creation. From an ethical point of view, plurality is still chaos which is intended to *become* kosmos through us. It is a postulate of practical reason, a "categoric imperative," that we should recognize this potential harmony and make it our aim. To treat the discords of life as finalities, that is to say, not to presuppose an ideal or potential harmony, is moral erring. To presuppose it and not to will it, is moral evil, is sin.

Such are Kant's ethics, — by far the grandest part of his philosophy. They form a noble structure, whose tops are glittering with heavenly light, but whose lower parts are hidden in clouds. It seems to float in mid-air; and when we look for its foundations, we find nothing but a carefully swept area, neatly mapped out in lines and rubrics. All the rubbish has been cleared away, but we find no building materials either. All is regulative, nothing constructive. And we apprehend that no system of ethics can long subsist without some metaphysical or, in default of such, some dogmatical foundation. Kant's postulates do not furnish such a basis. They are, indeed, metaphysical, (what can be more metaphysical than postulating?) but Kant does not handle them as such. Metaphysics thrown out by the front door creep in again by the back door, and, being properly disguised, are admitted. But the consequence is, that Kant's God remains outside his philosophy, and seems to have nothing to do with the essence of things (the thing *per se*) or with the intellectual unity or the moral harmony of the world.

It was easy to foretell what kind of work would have to be done by Kant's successors, and how the tasks would have to be divided. If plurality and materiality are the sources of evil, there must be two ways of overcoming the evil. The opposite

of individualism (or egoism) is altruism, which bids us love our neighbor; and the opposite of the body is the spirit, which bids us kill the flesh. The former leads to Fichte's *moral kosmos*, the latter to Schopenhauer's *askesis*.

We ask at once, Why should either exclude the other? Both are contained in Christianity, if Christian doctrines may be considered as one homogeneous whole. But the difference between Fichte and Schopenhauer lies principally in their prospective views, their eschatology; and both again differ from Kant, who would not commit himself either to a diagnosis or to a prognostic concerning the world's evil. To Kant the world was actually neither good nor bad, but both *in posse*. Fichte admitted its actual badness, but asserted its final deliverance; while Schopenhauer proclaimed it not only to be bad, but to be hopelessly bad, leaving the *onus probandi* to his opponents.

Fichte acknowledged the limitations of theoretical reason as they had been traced by Kant. He knew nothing beyond the existence of the Ego. The Ego is "unconscious activity," and remains unconscious until it meets with obstacles through contact with which it becomes self-conscious. These obstacles are the Non-Ego, called by the Ego "the outer world." Hence there can be no self-conscious Ego without a Non-Ego, no I without a Thou. That is to say, every Ego or self-conscious being must be a finite being, limited by others. And therefore God can be no conscious being, added Fichte's enemies, who accused him of atheism. Fichte, it is true, did not often use the term "God." Yet his mind was a profoundly religious one. He sought a thinkable, conceivable God, and if he could not find a personal one, he accepted an impersonal substitute. The *attritus* of the Ego and the Non-Ego is the origin of evil. But, Fichte added, we need not abide by this result, the effect of the *attritus* being in reality twofold. It generates, indeed, the evil, but it also produces in us a *longing* which can be either eudæmonistic or ethical. We long for happiness or for perfection, for deliverance from suffering or for deliverance from evil. And thus far, we shall see that Schopenhauer's views coincide with Fichte's. But while Schopenhauer considers this "longing" as a finality, and makes it a plea for his Pessimism, Fichte infers from it its own justification which

can only lie in the ideal existence of a "*moral order of the world.*" This moral kosmos, or "*moralische Weltordnung,*" as he calls it, becomes Fichte's substitute for God. It becomes his "kingdom of heaven" or kingdom of the unknown God, and thus the "ethical longing" becomes a practical religion founded on a speculative faith.

This faith in the ultimate realization of the moral kosmos was very intense in Fichte, and imparted to all his doings and sayings a certain tone of heroism.

"The moral order," he said, "is inconceivable, and altogether opposite to the physical order of things, inasmuch as, in the latter, the result depends on what has happened, in the former on the aim and motive alone. The longing for that order of things cannot be appeased by any earthly good or gratification. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary, nay, the only thing essential in all religion, that we should have faith in that order of things, that we should recognize in it the true source of our duties, and that we should cheerfully submit to all that is implied in it." Fichte scorned eudæmonism, "whose sole aim is pleasure, coarse pleasure or refined pleasure, but always pleasure, always enjoyment in this life and enjoyment in the next life. When people become aware that all these enjoyments depend on a higher power, they call that power God and pray to him. But their God is nothing but Fate personified, an idol, or, at most, a prince of this world."

The weak point of Fichte's philosophy lies in its apparent strength, in the absolute certainty of the final triumph of good over evil. The moral order of things lies, it is true, outside the Ego, but it lies there ready made and ideally real. According to Christianity, this moral order of things has to be produced within us and by us, and the result is doubtful, because the kingdom of God has to "come" from God. Its advent is prayed for, that is to say, it may come or it may not come. Each Ego is in danger. Salvation is possible, but so is perdition. Much depends on individual merit, but much also on "divine grace." And if the eschatological fate of man is so uncertain, how could the ultimate triumph of good over evil be looked forward to, as if it were deducible from human nature? Christianity, therefore, cannot be optimistic, although individual Christians may be so, when they consider themselves as being in possession of the necessary "means of grace." The

saint, for instance, suffers cheerfully, the martyr dies joyfully, because their sufferings are trials to them, and, as such, marks of divine favor. The term "trial" implies uncertainty of results ; but the saint's resignation and the martyr's death insure the result in this case.

Hence probably the leniency, not to say partiality, with which theologians are disposed to judge the pessimistic Schopenhauer, notwithstanding his atheism ; while Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel are called miscreants, and proscribed by them as dangerous on account of their optimism. Theologians rather like the suffusion of *tristitia christiana* which characterizes Schopenhauer's philosophy, and recognize in it, unconsciously perhaps, its redeeming quality ; while the doctrines of the Optimists furnish none of those disciplinarian weapons which schools and churches are naturally unwilling to dispense with. According to the Optimists, there is no fear, no danger, no perdition. The struggle with the evil may be hard, but there is no doubt about its final issue. The evil is subordinate to the good, not co-essential with it. It lies on the surface of life, like a sprinkling of spice. It appears large and powerful, because we are small and weak, but there is "health in us," for all that. Evil is the ferment of history. It dies through fermentation, and fermentations produce new ferment, but only to work out the designs of the absolute wisdom which rules the world. If Hegel's Absolute were anything else but Intellect and Wisdom, it could not be absolute. If the essentially Bad or moral evil were deducible from it, it could not be Wisdom. The evil that exists in the world can exist only as the handmaid of God's household, not as its mistress. Thus, all that is, whether we call it good or bad, is good. It is good because it is rational, and it is rational because it has its *raison d'être* in the absolute Intellect. If it were not rational it could not exist, simply because there is no conceivable power that would give it existence.

It is obvious that in philosophic systems like these, the distinction between good and evil becomes, in a measure, effaced. Educationally, they are not likely to quicken or to sharpen the sense of right and wrong, or to induce that passionate abhorrence of evil which inspires the moral crusader. The ethics

of these systems are purely intellectual. They afford no ground for that religious longing which Fichte felt, or, indeed, for any longing whatever. For, if all is good, or will come right in the end, all longing is folly.

It is well to remark here, that Schelling and Hegel stand altogether on extra-Kantian ground, and form no links in the chain to which Kant, Fichte, and Schopenhauer belong. We have thought it necessary, however, to explain the real meaning of philosophic optimism, and to point out the boundlessness of its horizon, before we approach the fathomless abysses of philosophic pessimism. The true successor of Fichte was Schopenhauer. Yet Schopenhauer was an opponent rather than a follower of Fichte. And perhaps both may be considered as representing the two possible ways in which Kant's unfinished structure could alone be completed.

After these introductory remarks, it will be easier for us to give a succinct account of Schopenhauer's philosophy. The only remaining difficulty of the task lies in the incoherency of the system itself. For, notwithstanding its many beauties and its depth, Schopenhauer's philosophy is as bad as Schopenhauer's world, — in this sense, at least, that it consists of two parts which logically exclude each other. And we may wonder how it was possible for such a man to reach the age of seventy without having been disturbed and distressed by this incompatibility.

His philosophy may be summed up in the following tenets : —

1. The world is phenomenal, not real.
2. Space, time, and causality are categories of the understanding, and have no objective reality.
3. Both the phenomena and the intellect, the perceived object and the percipient subject, are manifestations ("self-objectivations") of Something, which is to the world what the *Will* is to the individual.
4. There being no causality in the world, the primordial "Will" can have no aim. Its self-objectivations must, consequently, be accidental, and they happen to be bad.
5. There are many degrees or stages of this self-objectivation. These stages are the types of things, called ideas and species.

6. One of these stages is the *Intellect*, which is the creature and the servant of the "Will." In it, the Will becomes self-conscious and capable of having aims or *motives*.

7. The Intellect, however, seeing the general badness of the world, condemns the motives of the Will, and the Will itself. The Will (or the flesh) must be subdued, and the motives be supplanted by *quietives*. Rest and annihilation are the highest goods. *Ascetics* and *quietism* are the highest forms of ethical perfection.

All this requires explanation. But we see at once that there are two distinct philosophies in this system. The first two articles contain the fundamental creed of Idealism. Locke and Berkeley said, the world is purely phenomenal, not real. Kant said, the world is certainly phenomenal, but *may* be real. Schopenhauer, therefore, was an ultra-Idealist, like Berkeley. *A fortiori*, he was as idealistic as Kant, and ought to have respected Kant's limitations of the Intellect. But having proclaimed the phenomenality of the world, he proclaims, in the same breath, its objective reality, the world being an objectivated Will. As an Idealist, Schopenhauer was not entitled to know anything beyond his own impressions. Yet he talks of the essence of things as if it were knowable and known, and defines the *Ding an sich* as Will;—a strange definition in the mouth of a man who professes to be a hater of metaphysics.

All Idealists, it is true, have been guilty of similar inconsistencies, even Kant and Fichte. But this involuntary trespassing on metaphysical grounds only proves how difficult it is for the human mind to remain long in the vacuum of agnosticism. It likes to start from the safest of all maxims, that we can know nothing but phenomena. But it is useless to start from such a principle, except on an errand of criticism. No philosophy can be founded on strict idealism, the evidence of the senses not being the only evidence; and as circumstantial evidence is admitted in a court of justice, so speculation must be admitted in philosophy. All metaphysical thinking must start from the assumption that the phenomenal world is real.

Schopenhauer did this, too. Nor can we blame him for that. A man may have one philosophy in his youth and another in

his old age. Fichte and Schelling have each had two distinct philosophies. But nobody ever succeeded, as Schopenhauer has, in mixing up two incompatible doctrines, not only in one book, but in the six words forming its title. The work entitled *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* may be considered as containing the whole of Schopenhauer's philosophy, of which we are now going to give an abstract. But, to avoid confusion, we will begin with Schopenhauer's Metaphysics, and then pass to his Psychology and Ethics.

1. The greatest difficulty in all Metaphysical thinking is the beginning or starting-point. It is easy to say: In the beginning there was Something; but very difficult to define that Something so that it might become the basis of a rational cosmogony, or that everything existing might appear derivable from it. The primordial Something can be either One or Many. If we admit the pluralistic principle, we have, of course, no further difficulty. But it is difficult to make up one's mind for pluralism. "Many" has no definite meaning, and any definite number would be arbitrary, there being no reason why any one number should be assumed rather than another. Thinking cannot stop or find rest until it comes to the Unit. The Many presuppose their own totality, and whatever there was first, either logically or temporally, must have been One. But here new difficulties arise. The Unit is something perfectly sterile. It is as true to say that nothing can come from One as it is true to say that nothing can come from Nothing. Two might suffice, but one does not. Given some kind of Dualism, the dualism of sex, for instance, or that of spirit and matter, of matter and force, of God and the Devil, of Ormuzd and Ahriman; and the universe can be conceived as being derivable from it. But what can logically be derived from One? The author of Genesis was no philosopher, and could have no difficulty in answering the question. But the author of the Fourth Gospel, being an Alexandrine philosopher, endeavored to write for thinking readers. The Johannean "Logos" was not alone, nor was the Johannean God. The Logos was, indeed, God, and so far there was but One. But the Logos was also *πρὸς τὸν θεόν*, that is to say, in whatever way we may render the Greek preposition, the Logos was either a part of God or something be-

sides God. And consequently there were Two. Otherwise, the Logos could never have become flesh, or, in fact, anything but what he was before.

Something similar we see in Hegel's Absolute, which is one, but becomes two, — a mysterious process of which we can form an idea only by comparing it with the phenomenon of self-consciousness, which consists in this, that the Ego perceives itself. And when a subject thus becomes its own object, it becomes dual. Although this self-objectivation is a phenomenon with which we are all familiar, it is essentially transcendental, and nobody can be forced to admit what he does not understand. Schelling found it easy to ridicule Hegel's Absolute, because it had to go "beyond itself." Why should anything go "beyond itself," or anybody be "beside himself"? Nothing but *ennui*, he said, could have prompted Hegel's Absolute to do such a thing. Schiller says: —

"Friendless and lonely was the Lord of heaven,
He felt a want, hence he created souls." *

If we strip Schelling's sarcasm of its frivolity and Schiller's verse of its pathos, both will be found to express the same idea.

Monistic philosophy would, in fact, be altogether impossible without such a spontaneous self-differentiation of the Absolute. Monotheism calls it Creation, and the Alexandrine philosophers had no difficulty in deducing from it the metaphysics of the Trinity; anything dualistic or bi-une being *eo ipso* triune, since two cannot be conceived without their relation, which is the third. Hegel's dialectics rest entirely on this doctrine, and are essentially trinitarian. But Schopenhauer knew nothing of dialectics. He wanted to be thoroughly monistic, forgetting that all monism implied dualism and trinitarianism; not, of course, the legendary or historical trinitarianism of Christianity, but that of logical conception. He called his Absolute *the Will*, and it was easy enough to work with such a convenient tool. But the terseness of this monosyllable was deceptive. The difficulties were hidden, but not overcome. Nor must it be

* Freundlos war der grosse Weltenmeister,
Fühlte Mangel, darum schuf er Geister.

supposed that it was the result of speculative thinking. Schopenhauer admits that he arrived at this theory through mere generalization, or rather through a conclusion *ex analogia*.

"When we contemplate inorganic nature," he says,* "when we observe the fierce irresistible *impulse* with which the waters rush towards the lowest level; the persistency with which the magnetic needle turns and returns towards the north pole; the *longing* with which iron flies towards the magnet; the *violence* with which the two poles of an electric current seek reunion, and which, like human *desires*, is enhanced by obstacles; when we watch the rapid formation of a crystal and observe the regularity of its shape, so evidently the result of well-determined *tendencies* radiating in various directions; when we consider the *selection* with which bodies set free from the trammels of solidity seek and avoid, attract and repel each other; or when we feel how any weight whose *tendency* towards the earth is arrested by our body, presses upon it incessantly as though unable to give up its purpose; — it will require no great effort of imagination to recognize, even at this great distance, our own being and nature, — that same agency which, within us, by the light of the Intellect, pursues its aims, while in inorganic nature, as in the feeblest of its manifestations, it heaves and moves, but blindly, tumultuously, onesidedly; and which, being always essentially and specifically the same (just as the faint rays of twilight and the glare of noontide are both specifically solar light), must here as well as there be qualified as *Will*, — Will being the essence of every simple thing in the world, the sole ultimate nucleus of every phenomenon."

2. But of Will nothing can be predicated except *specific restlessness* (space, time, and causality being mere categories of the understanding). The Will must be what the *Ding an sich* would be if there were no space, time, or causality. In other words, the Will must be *aimless, non-extended, eternal*. We might say, that those who wish to speculate on the origin of things and the causes of phenomena, ought not to begin the process by stripping both things and phenomena of all reality; and that Kant, though reducing space, time, and causality to mere forms and categories, never intended such a negative result to form the basis for constructive speculation, his *Kritik* being a mere theoretical ablution of the Intellect, and, as such,

* Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, I. p. 140.

belonging to its nursery, not to its study. Nevertheless, we would abide by Schopenhauer's conclusions, had he not found it necessary to upset them with his own hands.

3. For, he goes on to say, *the Will objectivates itself* (which presupposes space), that there are successive *stages of objectivation* (which presuppose time), and these stages are progressive (which presuppose aim and wisdom), although the Intellect which is to think these thoughts of space, time, and aim was yet unborn when the Will began its evolutions. It may be quite proper to say, in the beginning there was the Will. "Will" seems, in fact, a better term here than either *νοῦς* or *λόγος*, because it implies a relation to something (real or ideal) which lies outside the willing subject. But, then, the thing that lies outside the willing subject is nothing but its aim. What else can it be? And can there be an aim willed, or an aiming will, without causality?

If the Will is rational and conscious, then its objectivations which constitute the visible world must all be good, and we obtain the living personal God of Christianity. If it is aimless and unconscious, as Schopenhauer's Primordial Will, then the world must, on the whole, be *bad*. Chance, the dreaded *τύχη*, becomes the ruler of the world, and philosophy has no other task but to demonstrate that the universe is æsthetically a chaos, intellectually a madhouse, and morally a penitentiary or a bagnio. This is Schopenhauer's Pessimism. Not that there is not much in this world that is good and pleasant. In fact, how could it be otherwise? If chance rules, the law of chances must prevail, and that can only lead to a perfect equivalence of good and evil, there being no reason why the aimless, blind, unconscious, restless Will should objectivate itself more frequently in one sense than in the other. But Schopenhauer loses sight of this. Like Mephistopheles, he seems to think that whatever exists is worth perishing. If the world were a Theophany, he argues, it would be good, and everything in it would be equally excellent and perfect. There is much (no matter how much) that is bad and imperfect. Therefore, it cannot be a Theophany or manifestation of God, but can only be a manifestation of something as bad as itself. He did not say, God is too good to have created the seeds of evil. But

his Christian critics seem to give him credit for the sentiment as implied in his doctrine. Christian philosophers derive the origin of evil from an apostasy of the Spirit, from himself, commonly called the Fall. The two powers created by this defection struggle against each other, and thus produce the ills and evils of the world, for which the fallen Spirit, and not the Creator, becomes responsible. If Schopenhauer declares that he would rather believe in no God than in a God responsible for this bad world, his very atheism becomes a Theodicea, and we understand why theologians should prefer this atheist to Hegel, who professed to be a Protestant and a Trinitarian.

4. The objectivations of the aimless and unconscious Will might, of course, be anything. They might be bad or good, and must be of all imaginable degrees of imperfection. Nor can we see any reason why better objectivations should not be followed by worse ones, and why there should be anything like graduation or progress in this wild succession. Schopenhauer, however, assumes or implies such a graduation, and we must grant that, at all events, many different grades coexist in the actual world. More than that, — and this is an important and interesting point in Schopenhauer's philosophy, — this graduation is not continuous, but punctual (in the metaphysical sense of the word); it is not a slope, but a scale, not a flowing stream or a running wheel, but a succession of *steps*. And what are steps, and what is a scale or a ladder, but an alternation of rises and rests, moves and stops, gaps and fixtures? Each degree of objectivation must, therefore, be considered as a resting-place, an *ἀνάπαυλα* of the Will; and these objectivations, these halts of the restless Will, are all that is fixed and permanent in the universe. They are the everlasting *types* of nature. They are what Plato's Ideas were, and what we are wont to call *qualities* and *species*. And they alone endure, while everything else is changing, fleeting, transitory. We might compare these *stages of objectivation* with the nodal lines in Chladni's acoustic figures, where all that moves (the vibrating interstices) appears empty and is invisible, while we see only what is at rest, the *ἀνάπαυλα* of the sand, and call it a figure or a type.

This is a deep and fertile thought, — a thought whose depth and fertility are quite independent of the general validity of

Schopenhauer's speculations. We cannot blame him for priding himself on having found a new basis for Plato's Ideology ; and even modern science may thank him for having furnished a theory which cannot but be welcome to those who are engaged in reducing the organic world to a minimum number of primordial types or germs, and whose weakest point has hitherto been considered to lie in their inability to account for the absence of intermediate or transitional types.

It has been said that there are no gaps, no sudden breaks of continuity in nature ; that every gulf is bridged over by hybrid types, by corals, by sensitive mimosas and the like. It must be admitted that, at first sight, the transitions from one state or stage to another appear very gentle, and are often imperceptible to us. But proverbial philosophy, which deals in this sort of truth, forgets that this gentleness and occasional evanescence of transition are real only with reference to our own powers of perception. A membrane looks smooth only until it is put under the microscope, and a nebula looks like a cloud only until the telescope dissolves it into stars. Science, in fact, has already shown that there is no real, no absolute continuity to be met with in nature ; and it behooves metaphysics to show why it is so, and why it cannot be otherwise. Concrete reality belongs, and can belong, to nothing but what is perfectly definite ; that is to say, to ideas and to species, to atoms and to individuals. The *fond perdu* which forms the background of this world is the world of abstract possibilities and abstract necessities, the world of formal logic and of mathematics. There even continuity can be found ; but in no physical phenomenon, except in motion, which (as we had occasion to remark before) is the most metaphysical of physical phenomena. A harp-string *can* be divided in numberless ways. By passing our finger over it, so as to shorten its vibrating portion continuously, we can imitate the sighing and howling of the wind. But expose the undivided and untouched string to the wind, and it will give forth music, that is to say, *articulate* sound, the articulation being due to a spontaneous subdivision of the string. Thus noise becomes music through nothing but the individualization of the notes, or through the precision of their intervals. And chaos becomes kosmos through nothing

but the clearly marked and unalterable differentiation of types ; that is to say, of qualities and categories, of definite quantities and atoms, of crystalline forms and organic germs, of species and individuals.

5. The lowest forms under which the Will manifests and stereotypes itself are the general qualities and forces of nature,—solidity, liquidity, elasticity, attraction, and affinity. Then come the various phenomena of inorganic nature, its beauties and its terrors, the crystal and the rainbow, light and sound, the geological, meteoric, and cosmic phenomena. On going one step higher, we find the Will objectivating itself in *organic* forms. But since life as organic existence is impossible without *active* self-preservation and propagation, the Will can no longer afford groping and fretting in the dark, and finds it necessary “to light a torch.” This torch is the *Intellect*. It is at first mere instinct, half conscious only, and half blind. It is *the servant of the Will*, and recognizes the Will in the garb of its own organic *body*. It throws, as yet, but a dim light on the path of the ever-restless Will, but that light helps the Will to the various means of self-preservation and propagation. The selection of these means presupposes discrimination and design, neither of which the blind and aimless Will, as such, can have. The Intellect, therefore, must furnish both ; and in furnishing perception and design, it becomes the *motive* power of its master, the Will. In other words, the hitherto aimless Will now begins to act from *motives* . So it is throughout the animal kingdom. Between the instinct of the lowest animal and the intellect of man there is only a difference of degree. The Intellect remains everywhere the torch or torch-holder, the servant or the tool of the Will. It sees, by its own light, first its own body, which it knows to be the Will, and then the Non-Ego or the phenomenal world, which it infers (*ex analogia*) to be the same Will. Thus Schopenhauer’s world is “Phenomenon and Will,” or, as he expresses it, “Perception and Will.” As long as it is only Will, it is inorganic and dark ; even its light being darkness, because unseen. But when the spark of Intellect is kindled, all is ablaze, and the Intellect sees its own light reflected from something which, if real, must be the objectivation of the Will ; if not real, a vision of the percipient Intellect, a phenomenon.

6. Schopenhauer says that "the body is given to the Intellect" (that is to say, exists for the intellect) "in two different ways," — as part of the phenomenal world, and as part of the Ego. In either sense, it is, like every other perceptible thing, an objectivation of the Will. But the body, considered as part of the Non-Ego, is a direct offspring of the great cosmic Will; while the same body, considered as part of the Ego, appears to the Intellect as an *individualized Will*, rather than as part of the general Will.

This "identity of body and Will" has found no favor with Schopenhauer's critics. Nor are the passages relating to this doctrine written with the author's usual precision and clearness. On the other hand, we are at a loss to see why this doctrine — which must stand or fall with the whole structure of Schopenhauer's metaphysics — should have been singled out for attack by his adversaries. If everything, even the human intellect, is a manifestation of the Will, why should not the human body be so? And this body forming, as it does, the rampart between the Ego and the Non-Ego, its identity with the Will must obviously appear to the Ego under two different aspects. Every new fact brought to light by modern physiology affords an *a posteriori* argument in favor of Schopenhauer's purely speculative theory. We are not conscious of the action within our body, although every particle of that body is the scene of the most restless activity, night and day. The will, therefore, which is active within our body, is not our conscious will. Both are parts of the cosmic Will; but to the Intellect they appear as two wills, which — in disease, for instance, and in death — can be at war against each other. The "reflex action" of the motor nerves, and the various phenomena due to what Dr. Carpenter has most properly called "unconscious cerebration," are incontrovertible proofs of the great decentralization prevailing in our system, and of the existence of many subaltern offices scattered throughout the body, of whose co-operation or subordination the Intellect can never be conscious, although it may discover both through observation and inductive reasoning.

It is quite proper, therefore, to say that the whole of our body, even its central office, the brain, can be, and is, both

subject and object. As subject, it is, according to Schopenhauer, Will; as object, it is both Will and phenomenon. The Ego, therefore, is the point at which the Real and the Phenomenal or Ideal coincide. Belonging to both these worlds, it can look into both and mix them up theoretically, or lay the rubrics and categories of the one upon the other. On this coincidence Schopenhauer might have founded a very good apology for the hybrid character of his philosophy, which is, so to speak, an idealistic Realism. But he does not seem to have been clear to himself on this point. He commits himself to Idealism on one page, and curses its fetters on the next. "Theoretical Idealism," he says, "can be used only as a sceptical sophism. As serious conviction, it can be met with only in a madhouse. I would compare it to a small frontier stronghold, which is forever impregnable, but whose garrison is, in its turn, forever imprisoned. One may pass by that fortress and leave it behind, without any danger." An excellent simile. But, as one of Schopenhauer's critics* remarks, Schopenhauer was not aware that he himself was a soldier of that garrison. And, we beg leave to add, if we catch him on the open field of Realism, we may call him a deserter.

7. The Intellect, standing on this cross-road where the Ideal and the Real meet, performs two different acts.

First, from the fact that its own body is "given" to it in a twofold manner, as Will and as phenomenon, it infers that all other things, though "given" to it only in one manner, namely, as phenomena, exist, like its own body, in two manners, namely, as phenomenon and as something else whose nature is beyond the ken of the Intellect, but which it must, *ex analogia*, and from want of any better category, conclude to be similar or equal to the only datum at its disposal, which is the Will objectified as its body. Thus the Intellect becomes speculative, and evolves the various tenets of the philosophy which we are explaining here.

The second operation consists in the transferring of reality in the phenomenal world. The Intellect considers its own inherent qualities as objective outside realities. These qualities

* Herr Thilo, in his essay, "Über Schopenhauer's ethischen Atheismus," p. 21, reprinted from Allihn and Ziller's *Zeitschrift für exacte Philosophie*, Vol. VII.

are, according to Schopenhauer; the *four categories* of time, space, causality, and the *principium individuationis*. Of course, this is debatable ground; the choice of these categories being grossly empirical, and not justified by any metaphysical link connecting them and excluding others. But they may be called an improvement on Kant's more numerous categories. Time, space, causality, and plurality are in the Intellect, but not objectively in the world; at least, we have no certainty about their objective reality. To make the meaning of this quite clear, let us suppose that the human intellect had only the categories of longitude and latitude. It would then be unable to think of any locality without its two co-ordinates which define and determine it. Each geographical point would be perceptible to the Intellect only as the vertex of a right angle, and yet the two sides of that angle and the angle itself exist only in the Intellect and not on the surface of the earth. If the longitude and latitude of Paris have any reality at all, that reality is certainly different from that of Paris itself. In the same manner, if everything appears to us as extended, and if we measure its extension on the three co-ordinates of space, it does not follow that these co-ordinates, or that space itself, have any objective reality. All we can say of space is, that it is a form or category of our understanding. When certain perceptions follow certain other perceptions in time, we put the link of causality between them; and the more primitive, untaught, and untutored the human mind is, the more readily does it indulge in this operation. Culture tends to lessen the domain of causality. It may, at last, expel it altogether from the outer world; but it can never expel it from the mind, where it exists as an inherent category, as whiteness exists in salt or smoothness in a mirror.

These two are the only possible performances or functions of the Intellect. We have either perception or imagination, either Idealism or metaphysics, either empirical science or speculative philosophy. And if Schopenhauer has succeeded in blending these apparently antagonistic elements in his philosophical system, we ought not to find fault with him for that. We only find it difficult not to ask, from his own point of view: *Cui bono?* If the Intellect is nothing but one of the many objectivations of

the Will; if this Will is blind and aimless, and only wanted the Intellect to see for it and to cater for it, so as to preserve the organized individual by feeding and the species by propagation,— what is the use, we would ask, of these remarkable and uncalled-for powers of the Intellect; and how can the Intellect, whose only *raison d'être* was to serve the Will, ever succeed in breaking its chains and indulge in pursuits of its own, without the slightest reference to the wants and requirements of its master?

Schopenhauer answers: The servant of the blind man very naturally becomes his *leader*. Moreover, there are various degrees of servitude. The lowest form of intellect was the Instinct, which can have no independent pursuits of its own, but must attend to the interests of feeding and propagation. When the Intellect begins to think consciously, it has ceased to be the slave of the body, although it may remain enslaved to that form of will which we call the heart. It is then that the Intellect begins to furnish the Will with what it never had before, namely, motives, so that the individualized Will begins to have aims, while the cosmic Will continues to be aimless. And the more the individual Will learns to follow the motives suggested by the Intellect, the more complete will be the emancipation of the latter. Complete, however, this emancipation can never become. The greatest height to which the Intellect can practically rise is when it becomes capable of acquiring and seeking useless knowledge, that is to say, knowledge which has no reference to the wants of the body or the will. All abstract thinking and all science come under this head. Without being aimless, it is regardless of consequences, and therefore disinterested and unselfish. In fact, from Schopenhauer's point of view, thought is not only unselfish, but anti-egoistic, because the Intellect, having the *principium individuationis* among its categories, cannot generalize without turning against itself and destroying, *pro tanto*, its own nature. The intellectual difference between man and animal is precisely this, that the animal perceives only single things, while man perceives ideas; or, in other words, the animal perceives, man conceives, things: that is to say, combines them into conceptions or notions. But the In-

tellest is, as it were, prismatic ; if its *principium individuationis* can do nothing but disperse, and must see everything under the form of plurality, how can the Intellect ever become capable of collecting and combining, of thinking and generalizing, without doing violence to itself ? Schopenhauer says, very consistently, that ideas, being generalities, lie beyond the reach of the percipient Intellect. If they are perceived (or rather conceived), nevertheless that always entails or presupposes a partial *loss of individuality* in the thinking subject. The more the Intellect perfects itself, the better it will be able to dispense with the tools with which the Will has furnished it, and which we have called categories ; that is to say, it will learn to think without reference, or with a minimum of reference, to space, time, causality, and plurality. It will learn to consider neither the When nor the Where, neither the Why nor the Wherefore, but simply the What of the thing, τὸ τί, that is, approximately, the essence of things, the *Ding an sich*. This is the height of scientific knowledge and of æsthetic enjoyment. The Intellect reaches it only by tearing itself away from the fetters of its own Will, from its individuality. Through this kind of intellectual suicide, the Intellect becomes a pure subject, face to face and alone with its object.

8. We now come to Schopenhauer's *Ethics*. The world, being the sum of all the self-objectifications of an aimless Will, must be bad. It may be *le meilleur des mondes possibles*, as a French philosopher has called it ; but it is, for all that, a "valley of tears," a world of suffering, misery, and death. An aimless and restless Will could not, if it were conscious, be a happy being, because, on becoming conscious, it could become conscious of nothing but its own aimlessness and restlessness. Thus, rest would become its aim. But the conscious (or individualized) Will is the Intellect. Schopenhauer's *Ethics*, therefore, are summed up in the maxim, that *the highest aim of the Intellect must be rest*.

The Intellect, however, is free. It need not follow that aim. If it follows it, if it seeks rest, it seeks something which is the negation of the (restless) Will. All morality, therefore, consists in a kind of self-annihilation ; in the "killing of the flesh," as the Christian Apostle expresses it, in the overcoming

of nature, as Hegel expresses it. If, on the other hand, the Intellect either ignores or disowns that aim, it affirms restlessness, that is to say, it affirms the world as it is. And by doing so, it approves and sanctions what is bad, and reasserts its own *principium individuationis*. It then becomes, intellectually, optimistic, and, morally, selfish and unrighteous. Optimism, we see, is a kind of sin with Schopenhauer, and, from his own point of view, he is unquestionably right.

There are two kinds of evil in the world, — the objective evil produced by the mere lawlessness of the Will, and causing the various forms of *suffering*, such as pain, privation, passion, sorrow, death ; and the subjective evil produced by the wanton self-identification of the free Intellect with the lawless Will, and causing the various forms of *sin*, such as selfishness, vice, wickedness. Thus Schopenhauer's world is a world of evils and of wrongs, of cruelty and of suffering, of death and of sin. And there are many who agree with Schopenhauer. Pessimism always sounds like common-sense. But those who philosophize on the origin of evil are bound to remember (what we have said before) that even if chance were the ruler of the world, it could not be its highest ruler, the law of chances being still higher than chance itself. The idea of an absolute accidentality not subject to that law cannot be conceived at all, and must be excluded from all philosophy. The law of chances *must* produce perfect symmetry and perfect equivalence of good and evil. We grant that a thing containing not more than fifty per cent of badness may still be called bad ; that a life one half of which is passed in the sick-bed may well be called a life of sickness and suffering ; but only in popular parlance, not philosophically. This kind of "badness" is like a mental category ; it is purely subjective. A philosopher has no right to say, the world is bad because of the essentiality of evil, which would imply the absence or accidentality of good. If good is accidental, evil must be accidental also. To assert the accidentality of both may be an error. But to assert the accidentality of both, and then to talk as if evil were essential (which is more than accidental), and good non-existent (which is less than accidental), is one of those rhetorical tricks which often disgrace the small talk of every-day life, and which may be pardoned by the fire-side, but which cannot be tolerated *in cathedra*.

Descartes has said, *Determinatio est negatio*, and that is perfectly correct; all individualizing being essentially exclusive, separative, and, as such, negative. The statue which we admire in the artist's studio has literally pre-existed for thousands of years. It was complete when lying in the heart of the marble rock. Only it was surrounded by other homogeneous matter which the sculptor had to chip away. Now, all evil is negative. It is plausible, therefore, to derive it from "determination" or individualization. Almost all the existing doctrines on the origin of evil are founded on this view. Kant and Fichte sought the origin of evil in nothing else but in the plurality or materiality of the world, which is the result of the individualization or self-determination of some undefined Absolute. But plausible as such doctrines are, they are founded on a fallacy. Evil may be, and is, a negative principle; but "bad" is not synonymous with "negative." It is only through Hegel's dialectics that we have learnt to understand that, if the individual thing is inferior to the species, the species inferior to the genus, the genus to the idea, this inferiority also implies a superiority consisting in a higher degree of concreteness. The *plura* are concrete, the primordial *unum* is abstract. And if the *plura* are bad because determined (or negative) and finite, while the *unum* is infinite, they belong, on the other hand, to a higher degree of evolution, and their badness need not be "badness" in the ordinary sense of the word.

Schopenhauer, in fact, cannot be said to have derived the objective evil (the badness of the world) from any individualization or plurality. His *principium individuationis* he places, not in his Absolute, which is the Will, but in the Intellect (although the Intellect, being individualized Will, would seem to presuppose such a principle in the Will). And by committing this inconsistency, he gains credit for having escaped from a fallacy. All objective evil he tried to deduce from the aimlessness of the Will. But the subjective or moral evil he considered to be the result of the *principium individuationis* of the Intellect, and exhorted the Intellect to turn against this principle, that is to say, turn against itself, morally, in the same way in which we have seen it turn against itself intellectually.

The Intellect can do this, because it is free. Moral free-

dom, which, in other philosophies, is treated as a subject to be proved, follows, in Schopenhauer's system, as a mere corollary from the assumption of a lawless Will. The Intellect is free, because of the absence and impossibility of any law outside it by which it could be ruled. But here a difficulty arises, for which Schopenhauer has to thank himself. The Intellect, if ruled by no law, is nevertheless determined by its own qualities, the complex of which we commonly call *character*. These qualities being typical objectivations of the Will, it follows that the character of an individual can never change. I am what I am, and can become only what is implied in my character, as the tree can become only what is implied in its seed. An apple-tree cannot bring forth dates or pine-cones. The character of a man is his *dæmon*, but it is the *dæmon* chosen by himself, as Schopenhauer says. It is the logical definition of the man, his "What," his essence.

Now we ask, what is the use of freedom in an immutable being? No education can refine it, no experience, no knowledge enrich it. What kind of morality can we expect from such a being?

To answer this question, we should remember (what we have explained before) that as the percipient Intellect can go beyond the elementary perception of single things or rise to the conception of ideas, by unselfing itself intellectually, the *principium individuationis* being at once a power and a trammel to the Intellect, so the Intellect as conscious Will has also the faculty of unselfing itself ethically, that is to say, of turning against its own *character*. Both actions are of a transcendental nature. They are endeavors rather than actions, complete success being impossible in either case. And as there are three stages of intellectual development, namely, instinctive perception, scientific (or empirical) knowledge, and philosophic speculation, so there are also three degrees of ethical development, — *the stage of justice and equity, the stage of benevolence and love, and the stage of quietism*.

These stages have this in common, that in each the natural Will is more or less enlightened by the Intellect on its own misery and badness. This misery, let us remember, consists in the Will's restlessness and incapacity for fatigue. It is the

indefatigable Will, and not the easily tiring Intellect, which suffers from *ennui*, in cases of dearth of objects. It is the Will, and not the Intellect, which fights the battle of life and has a horror of death. Consequently the Intellect can become the guide and teacher of the Will. On the lower stages it merely guides it, that is to say, furnishes *motives* for the Will; on the higher stages it teaches it, that is to say, furnishes *quietives* for the Will. *Ennui*, love of life, and horror of death are weaknesses and vices, misnomers for stupidity, selfishness, and cowardice. And "the best thing in human life is its often-lamented shortness."

Thus the dualism in man becomes complete. *The Intellect condemns the Will*. One part of ourself annihilates the other. That is the essence of all ethics, and of Schopenhauer's ethics in particular.

In animals and in savage men the Will asserts itself most emphatically. "Thou shalt want ere I want," and "Thou shalt die ere I die." The love of life is love of self and relative indifference to others. We leave this lowest stage when we become *just*; that is to say, when we recognize the equality of other selves with our own self, and put spontaneously such limits to our will as shall allow room for other similarly self-restricted Wills.

Far higher than justice stand *love* and charity and mercy. They presuppose sympathy, or the power of "suffering with" others, which must precede the power of suffering *for* others. Vicarious suffering is not only useful, in so far as it may lessen the sum total of the world's miseries, but it is also a wholesome exercise or preparation for the third or highest stage of morality, which is that of the *askesis* and of *ascetic sanctity*.

Here self-imposed suffering—though it may have no reference to the sufferings of others, and neither lessen nor increase them—is nevertheless of the highest ethical value and importance, in so far as it kills the flesh, and, by killing the flesh, subdues and "deadens the Will." Solitude and contemplation, frugality and poverty, chastity and even self-inflicted castigations are so many triumphs of the Intellect over the Will, or, one might say, of the Will over itself. The paraphernalia of monastic life may be dispensed with; essential alone is the *spontaneous self-annihilation of the Will*. If the love of

self and the love of life are the sources of moral evil, then the love of others and the love of death must constitute moral goodness. This love of death must not express itself in actual suicide, because suicide is only the selfish extinction of one sufferer, while a whole world of sufferers survives: it must remain a mere sentiment, a *longing*. But this longing is different from Fichte's religious longing, induced in the Ego by its rude contact with the Non-Ego. Schopenhauer's ethical longing is not essentially religious: it is the nostalgia, the home-sickness of the soul. And what is the home of the soul? Something like the Buddhist's Nirvâna, says Schopenhauer, "of which we can form no clear conception," and which appears to us as Nothingness. "But," he adds, "if that transcendental world is Nothing in the eyes of those in whom the Will reigns supreme, this wonderfully real world of ours, with all its suns and milky ways, is likewise Nothing in the eyes of those in whom the Will has met with its negation." We need not mind such appearances.

What "motives" were in the lower sphere of morals, the great "quietive" of the soul, its longing for Nirvâna, is in this highest sphere of moral education. We die, whether we will it or not: the great cosmic Will works out our death, and there is no merit in our dying. But since man has to die of his life, he should "live his death"; that is to say, he should consider death to be his great "anapaulè," his last halt or resting-place, even though it may be only one of the many halts or resting-places of the eternal Will which once became his body and which wrought his soul.

These are the outlines of Schopenhauer's system of philosophy. We have found it impossible to trace these outlines without pointing out and dwelling on each flaw, as it came under notice. Many of these flaws, when pointed out, are so undeniably real, that they required no argumentative treatment. Yet it cannot be said that they are too obvious even to be pointed out. They seem to lie on the surface; but they lie on the surface of the skeleton rather than on the body of the system. They lie deeply imbedded in Schopenhauer's writings, and hidden by the beauties of his style. Schopenhauer

was a master of style, and not unjustly prided himself on his precision and clearness of expression. He hated the heavy utterances of scholastic learning. He hated still more the terminology of Hegelian dialectics. Moreover, he was a good linguist, who had benefited by the tyrannical discipline of foreign grammars, and learnt to make a sparing use of the liberties allowed by German syntax. No foreigner ought to complain of Schopenhauer's German. No German should read him without resolving in his heart to imitate the simplicity and beauty of his style. But it is this very beauty of form which hides the defects of Schopenhauer's philosophy. Style can be as dangerous in Germany as it has proved to be in France. One may read through some of Schopenhauer's volumes without being aware of the depth and metaphysical nature of their contents. An immense variety of subjects is touched upon in these books. Love and matrimony, music and painting, theatricals and politics, all are discussed in an easy yet earnest manner, and we are struck with the mass of new light that is thus thrown on matters with which we thought ourselves sufficiently familiar, and on which we fancied nothing new could be said by any popular writer. Everything seems plausible and clear. Occasional oddities are either pardoned and passed over, or enjoyed; and the absence of perceptible discords is mistaken for freedom from "false relations."* This is a new kind of obscurity: it is obscurity in the garb of clearness. Heraclitus was nicknamed "The Dark" (ὁ σκοτεινός), and to call Hegel obscure has become a popular amusement of a novel-reading generation. Yet the obscurity of Heraclitus was nothing but the depth of his speculative idea, and that of Hegel may well be called clearness in the garb of obscurity. It must not be supposed that Schopenhauer's style was "flowery" or rank, and that his errors lay hidden like snakes under its flowers and weeds. On the contrary, the beauty of his style consists in nothing more than in its chaste simplicity. We observe an occasional semi-Oriental richness of images, but these images are always remarkably exact and never irrelevant.

* A musical term.

Schopenhauer had a thoroughly manly nature, and even his Pessimism was free from all whining sentimentality. He was a recluse and a misanthrope, and had many of the foibles of misanthropes: he loved and esteemed his poodle apparently as much as any human friend. He was conceited and obstinate, but free from worldly ambition and indifferent to fame. We have seen that his principal work remained unnoticed and unknown for seventeen years, and that for seventeen years he remained silent, neither writing nor lecturing, — thinking, perhaps, with Descartes, that *bene vixit qui bene latuit*. Yet that book contained all that was dearest and most valuable to him; and while its author remained ignored, as though unworthy even of attack and opposition, the great Hegel stood enthroned in Berlin as mental sovereign of Germany, and surrounded with a blaze of glory such as few philosophers have ever been able to boast of. Schopenhauer disliked Hegel, and never mentions him or his philosophy without indulging in bitter and scornful language. But how much of this bitterness and scorn may have been due to purely intellectual antagonism, and how much to the striking difference of success with which the two philosophers had begun their career, we cannot undertake to decide.

That pessimism and kind-heartedness, far from being incompatible, can be made to enhance and to confirm each other, may be seen from the following passage: —

“Let us not make,” says Schopenhauer, “a cold estimate of every man with whom we come in contact. Let us not take into consideration the badness of his will nor the limitations of his intellect and the perverseness of his ideas, lest the former might beget hatred, the latter contempt. Let us consider nothing but his sufferings, his anxieties, his sorrows, and his pains, and we shall feel at once as though we were related to him; and, instead of hatred and contempt, we shall feel sympathy and pity, which alone is that which the Gospel calls love.”

Let us compare this passage with the following lines from Heine’s *Reisebilder*: —

“Alas! one ought in truth to write against no one in this world. Each of us is sick enough in this great lazaretto; and many a polemical writing reminds me of a revolting quarrel, in a little hospital at

Cracow, of which I chanced to be a witness, and where it was horrible to hear how the patients mockingly reproached each other with their infirmities; how one who was wasted by consumption jeered at another who was bloated by dropsy; how one laughed at another's cancer in the nose, and this one again at his neighbor's lockjaw or squint, until at last the delirious fever-patient sprang out of bed and tore away the coverings from the wounded bodies of his companions, and nothing was to be seen but hideous misery and mutilation."

Neither of these passages could be called sentimental: there is nothing mawkish or bitter or sour in either of them. One is a poet's sketch, the other a philosopher's thought. But both are pessimistic; and, in both, pessimism pleads for kindness and sympathy.

Schopenhauer, though of a shrinking disposition, cannot, we apprehend, be called a modest man. He was suspiciously fond of quoting Goethe's aphorism, "only wretches are modest"; though he may be right in thinking that it is impossible for a man superior to others not to be aware of his superiority, because "if the top of a tower is three hundred feet above its base, the base must be three hundred feet below the top. Whether you *look up* or *look down*, the distance is the same, and must look the same."*

"The thoughts of great thinkers," he says,† "suffer by being filtered through ordinary brains. Born behind the broad and lofty vaults of palatial foreheads, they lose their strength when sent to live in humbler dwellings, under the low roof of narrow, thick-walled skulls." Now Schopenhauer had a remarkably fine forehead himself; and whether anybody having more than an average forehead should allow himself to write such a passage, may well be questioned.

But these are unimportant traits, — small foibles of an otherwise great man. Nor should we revert once more to his philosophical errors, if his literary influence, which is still great in Germany, and which is not altogether confined to that country, had not been an excellent vehicle both for the truths and the fallacies of his philosophy. The following condensed summary of the latter may be useful to those who wish to give

* Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, Band II., p. 484.

† Ibidem, Band I., p. 26.

themselves up to the full enjoyment of Schopenhauer's works, without incurring the risk of imbibing false doctrines.

The first error of Schopenhauer consists in his having undertaken to build on Kant's Ontology what Kant himself either could not or would not build on it, namely, a system of metaphysics. He thus stood committed to both Idealism and metaphysics: that is to say, he had to assert that the world is phenomenal, that we know nothing but our own impressions, never the *Ding an sich*; and having pronounced this *Ding an sich* to be unknowable, he had to propound a speculative doctrine concerning it.

His second error was that he called the essence of all things Will, instead of calling it Reason or Wisdom, *νοῦς* or *λόγος*, and that, having proclaimed the Will to be aimless and lawless, he talks of an evidently progressive series of self-objectivations of the Will, so that the laws and forms of thought, the great logical and mathematical necessities which must have existed, either outside of or in the Will, from all eternity, are not at all accounted for.

All the incongruities to be found in Schopenhauer's system may be considered as results of these two fundamental errors. If we could suppose for a moment that Schopenhauer had admitted the Logos by the side of the "aimless Will," and had represented the world as the battle-field of these two contending and mutually complementary principles, all that he ever said about the Will would appear to us as perfectly correct. There is, from this point of view (though not from Schopenhauer's own), an immense deal of striking truth in this doctrine of a blind and restless agency manifesting itself in a world of blindness and restlessness, and therefore of suffering. It is quite undeniable that most sufferings (if not all) are directly or indirectly due to the various forms of self-love and self-assertion. From the untold miseries inflicted by the first Napoleon on millions of men down to the unseen cruelties described in Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," all were the work of ambition (which is self-assertion) and of vanity (which is self-love). And, although this is admitted, as a matter of course, by every man or woman, ambition and vanity continue to be nursed and fostered and stimulated in every imaginable manner. Even

school-children are no longer allowed to do their duty without becoming prize-fighters. Prizes, of course, are not *intended* to make them vain and mercenary. Nor need that be intended. For the restless, self-asserting Will is steadily at work within us from the cradle to the grave; and those who pray to God, Thy Will be done, can see no reason why they should not continue to do the behests of another Will, the repressing and deadening of which is the very essence of morality.

We should not forget to say a few words here on another kind of suffering, which is known to us under the name of *ennui*. Since nothing positive, but everything negative, can be predicated of Schopenhauer's First Principle, his "Will" is not only aimless, but *empty*. Therefore, the sufferings produced by the restlessness of that Will must be *either pain or ennui*. Schopenhauer says, humorously, that the former is represented by our working-days, the latter by our Sundays, and, he might have added, by the whole life of those whose week has seven Sundays. Vacuity craves filling; and *ennui*, or the mental *horror vacui*, becomes, like vanity and ambition, a real force or motive-power. Like vanity and ambition, it works good only in exceptional cases, its usual manifestations being love of pleasure, love of sights, love of strong emotions, love of change. Solitude and monotony of life are dreaded and abhorred.

But enough. We cannot help admitting that Schopenhauer's Ethics are remarkably good, considering the rottenness of their metaphysical foundation. Even his Pessimism has done some good in Germany, where the optimistic faith in the certainty of human progress had produced a dangerous degree of political apathy and religious indifference. Schopenhauer's Pessimism thus became a substitute for the pessimism of Christianity. Both agree in saying that the world is bad and wicked, and that the future is uncertain. And this uncertainty implies the necessity of an effort, according to Schopenhauer; the necessity of Divine intercession, according to Christianity. Fichte, too, had said that the world was bad, but the end was *sure* to be good, so that the necessity of moral effort could only be asserted, not proved; while Hegel's world was altogether good, because real, the reality of anything essentially

bad being irrational and as such impossible. From an educational point of view, these last two doctrines must appear more dangerous and less useful than Schopenhauer's, though Schopenhauer may be wrong for all that. Pessimistic philosophy is always a *contradictio in adjecto*; and the greatest objection to Schopenhauer's Pessimism will always be that, if it teaches us how to kill the evil, it also kills the killer, and good and evil die the same death.

Schopenhauer could never have founded a *school* on such a faith. He has had many readers and many admirers, but hardly any follower or disciple. Hartmann and Frauenstädt are the only philosophers of note in Germany who call Schopenhauer their master. But neither of them has accepted his doctrine *in toto*. And we may say of this philosophy what Hegel quoted with reference to other philosophies, "The feet of them which shall carry thee out are at the door."

Schopenhauer's greatest merit, which is independent of his success and of the truth of his doctrines, consists in his having remained faithful to speculative philosophy at a time when the reign of philosophy had passed away. He outlived all his rivals, and his mental solitude was even greater in his old age than it had been in his youth. Like a promontory forming the last link of a long chain of lofty mountains, he stands alone in the low though fertile plain of science and of positivism. The horizon may appear flat just now; but other mountains are ahead, and they will heave in sight as time wears on.

Those who believe that Schopenhauer has been the last of the metaphysicians seem to expect too much from that new discipline called Positive Philosophy, which is neither positive nor a philosophy, since it mistakes knowledge for truth and induction for thinking. It is easy to say, as Newton did, "Physicists, beware of metaphysics." The boy who was beaten by the schoolmaster for always talking in hexameters, cried,

"Desine, præceptor, posthac non carmina fundam."

His very vow belied his penitence, and his promise not to sin was itself a new sin. When scientific men say they will hear no more of metaphysics, and yet aspire to something higher

than formal logic and dry learning, or knowledge of names and facts, they deceive themselves and others. The human mind will never give up, though it may hush, its metaphysical cravings.

Speculation may be an idle occupation. But so is art and so is poetry. Yet art and poetry will not be given up as useless, any more than philosophy or religion, though they may all be ignored by those who have no time for them, their whole attention being absorbed either by the frivolities of social life or by the exigencies of some serious pursuit. We admit that the philosopher of the future ought to be a scientific man and, if possible, a mathematician, — a man, at any rate, brought up under the chastening and sobering influences of modern science. But he must be a man who knows how to *handle* results, not only how to find them and to label them. Science is not a building-ground, but a mere brick-yard. Its results are building-stones, not buildings; and even mathematics and formal logic are scaffoldings rather than houses. Who can build without stones or without scaffoldings and plumb-lines? But the bricklayers and the carpenters ought to know what they are before they aspire to be builders and masters, and ought to become conscious that they belong to the very lowest grade in that lodge of Freemasonry whose masters are to build a temple greater than Solomon's. In the mean time, it may be highly desirable that the brick-yard should be left undisturbed by metaphysical intruders. Philosophy can afford to wait until science shows signs of fatigue or distress. Nay, more, science has the strongest claims on our gratitude and admiration. If it has led to nothing better than Agnosticism (which, after all, is an improvement on Atheism and Materialism); if it denies the existence and, *a fortiori*, the immortality of the soul; and if it has reduced morality to a mere system of social dynamics, — we ought, the more readily, to acknowledge our obligation to co-operate with those fearless and sagacious workers who obtained these results, and whose greatest wrong does not lie in these results, but in the presumption of their finality. Many of those who profess these doctrines are men of warm hearts and open minds, men who would be metaphysical enough to die for their country, and to

own allegiance to all that, according to their lights, is good and beautiful and true. But it still remains to be seen how long mankind could abide by those doctrines without impairing this allegiance, and whether human society would be possible or individual life worth having, if that allegiance could ever, for any length of time, be forgotten or disowned.

E. GRYZANOVSKI.

ART. III.—THE PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEM.

THE present age has witnessed greater changes in the habits of the people, and the methods of transacting business, than many previous generations. This is mainly due to the accumulation of wealth in the nation, which has probably been greater within the last twenty years than in all its previous history, and to the increase and wide dispersion of its population. There is, undoubtedly, more wealth and comfort, especially among the laboring classes, than at any previous era, but the tendency is to heap up enormous wealth and power in a few hands and in large corporations. While we do not believe that the poor are growing poorer, we do think the rich are growing richer, and that the disparity between the two classes is continually increasing. A few firms in the large cities transact the largest part of the business in each, where formerly a much smaller amount was divided among ten times as many firms. Two or three large manufacturing companies employ more hands and capital than did all our factories combined thirty years ago; while a few large railroad and coal-mining companies control the anthracite coal mines, and set the price of one half the coal mined in this country. The same tendency is noticed in England and on the Continent of Europe. Mr. Gladstone has said that England has accumulated greater wealth in fifty years than in the previous eighteen hundred, and more in the last twenty than in the preceding thirty years. The evil effects of this tendency are less felt abroad, since along with this increase of wealth the influence of the laboring